Original Papers Containing Exam-Antiquity-Portions of Plays and Documents of Legal Character Among the Excavated Curiosities.

It would seem that Egypt is determined to vindicate to her utmost extent her tille of the land of letters. While deciph rers and explorers are restoring to us the history and civilization of the most remote ages, and giving to the chronicles of the Phyraobs a restorative enlargement far beyoud our wildest expectations, other laborers are restoring to us the later chapters of her history, when the line of the Pharaohs had succumbed to the conquering Greek and Roman. The second installment of Graeco-Roman papyri, from the explorations at Ben Hesa, the ancient Oxyrhyncus, carried out by Mesers. Hunt and Greenfell, is rich in historical ma-

Egypt that some hundreds of manuscripts have been obtained from the ruins of a small provincial town in the Thebiad. From this little town come classic tragments of all the best known authors—Homer, Euripdes, Thucydides, Piato, Xenophou, and an unknown work of Aristophanes. If this wealth of literature was to the continuous and applicative devekes continuous and applicative list a Noble of the Mystic Shrine, also, and has prepared some bon mots for the especial delectation of his brether. Filson and Erroll have been engaged for the week, and will certainly please with their farce. "Men versus Women," one of the tophanes. If this wealth of literature was tophanes. If this wealth of literature was tophanes. If this wealth of literature was found in a minor centre such as Oxyrhn-cus, what might we have hoped for had the treasures of Alexandria been preserved? worth, who made quite a hit here recently, The vast number of papyri, both literary will reappear with new comic songs and and official, discovered during recent years in middle Egypt and the Fayoum are alone statuesque singer, and her pickaninnies

greater accuracy in fixing the dates of writing the Olympian odes of Pindar and Bacchylides, and of the sculptors Polycletus, Myron, and others.

If the find is important in the additions it affords to our knowledge of classical times it is still more important in the insight it affords into the innermost circle was one of great official activity, and thus the number of legal documents is great, and the affairs of many families can be traced with minute accuracy. There is a most interesting series of documents relating to the domestic affairs of a certain Tryphon, a weaver of Oxyrhyncus. Born in the year 8 A. D., he married a woman named Demetrons, but the union lasted but a short time, for in about 34-35 A. D. we find him presenting a petition thus worded to the courts: "I married Demetrons, the daughter of Heraclides, and for my part I provided for my wife, in a manner that exceeded my resources. But she became dissatisfied with our union, and finally left the house, carrying off property belonging to me." He demands her punishment and the return of his property.

This week promises to be of more than

hold is once more in peace.

From the newly discovered records we can trace the history very clearly. The pair lived together in, happiness for at least twenty-three years, and two sons and a daughter were born, the second son, Thoonis, in 54 A. D., and twelve years later was apprenticed to a weaver to the trade, his father's eyesight h grown too dim to teach him. All this time the wife Saraeus had not demanded the dowry which should have been returned to her after five months' trial, but seven rs after there seems to have been a domestic crisis, though only of a passing na-ture, and we find the dowry paid through a firm of local bankers.

been quite so smooth as that of Tryphon's household, as the following petition of a the daughter of Theon, married Sarapion, bringing him by cession a dowry amounting to 200 drachmae of silver. As he was des-titute of means I received him into my parents' house, and I for my part conducted myself blamelessly in all respects. But Sarapion having squandered my dowry as he pleased, continually illtreated and inculted me using violence toward me and depriving me of the necessaries of life; finally he deserted me, leaving me in a state of destitution." Although told some eighteen bundred years ago, there is a very modern aspect about the petition of Syra, and it is to be hoped she was well rid of

of the private letters are very quaint, though we lack so rich a morsel as the letter of the boy Theon in the first series. Thus a writer breaks off in the middle of a letter relating to a law case in Alexandria to ask: "Let me know about our baid-headed friend; how 10:45 a. m., 2:45, and 5:45 p. m., and four is his hair growing again on top?" In trips homeward will be made from the is his hair growing again on top?" In another letter the writer declares to his sister as a token of sympathy, "I have not washed for a month." Woman's ward-robe was always a source of trouble. Thus in a letter from Alexandria to his sister writer says: "Many greetings and con tipued good health. You have not sen me one word about the clothes, either by letter or message; they are still waiting for you, until you send me word." Such are but a few gleanings from these brown tattered and torn papers, which have lain for centuries beneath the sand of the Libyan Desert, to be at last reverently opened and read by those who prize thes records of the opening of our era, and each to add its quota to the reconstruction of the world's history. The work of the Egypt Exploration Fund in this field of -Roman research has been rich in results, and will, we hope, be continue with still greater success .- London Globe

Isfamous for cleaning paint. It is used in the form of a thin the dirt. It will not scratch, scour and "wear off" the paint.

AMUSEMENTS.

New Grand's Continuous Vandeville The most successful theatrical season of all the theatres in Washington will be Saturday night after a week's performance riginal Papers Containing Exam-ples of Literary Activity in Days of and its matinees have been attended by juvenile representatives from the best homes of Washington. This phenomenal condition is due primarily to the fact that the New Grand provides a most attractive and diversified bill of different numbers which enchain the interest and evoke the

applause of all classes of theatregoers. mer. cheerfully.

There is no doubt but what the Grand Naomi is always cheerful—too cheerful, could be profitably run all summer, as it golden-haired little Lifliard says someis always cool and invigorating, but Mana-ger Chase prefers to close so early in order to beautify the theatre in time for the fall serson. Continuous vaudeville is new here, and is introluced in order to bring the season to a triumphant close and also to provide entertainment for the thousands of Shriners and strangers ex-pected this week. The performances will begin at 2 p. m. and continue without in-termission until the midnight hour. There will be no increase in prices, and, there-fore, the arrangement assures to the vatrons of the theatre more than twice as

much pleasure as they have been accus-tomed to derive from the New Grand bills. Heading the lists of artists is John Ranterial.

It is indeed an astonishing revelation of the literary activity in classic times in Egypt that some hundreds of manuscripts

Heading the liters of artists is John Ransone, the popula, monologist, who will give his impersonation, "Croker of New York." Mr. Ransone's characterization of the "Boss" is admirably executed and it and official, discovered curing recent years in middle Egypt and the Payoum are alone proof of the treasures destroyed by the famaticism of Omar.

The series of pappri now published do not contain such treasures as "The Logia of Jesus," or the new poem of Sappho, but we have a charming fragment of a comedy of Menander of which little more than the name was extant until now. It is called "Perikeiromene." or the "Cropped Lady," and relates to the story of a soldier who in a drunken fit cut off the locks of his mistress. The small fragment of the last act is go pleasing that it is to be hoped that more will be found. For historical purposes, one of the most important fragments recovered is a list of victors from B. C. 480-468 and 456-448. The period cuabraced is a rich one in literature and art, and the new list will enable us to attain greater accuracy in fixing the dates of writing the Other in the Company of the most attractive kind will be given by the Rice Brothers, Nellie Burt, the Othersian description of the New Grand, between the New Grand the New Grand, between the New Grand the New Grand the New Grand will be given by the Rice Brothers. Nelles Burt, the singing and dancing comedienne; Ray and Ewart, and the Holloway Trio conclude the bill. As the New Grand, be-ing open on three sides to every breeze that blows, is the most comfortable theatre on warm evenings, it is easily to be seen that it will be the Mecca for every-body this week.

Kernan's-"Bohemian Burlesquers. of domestic life. The period covered by these documents—namely, the first centuries before and after the Christian Erawas one of great official activity, and thus the "Bohemian Burlesquers" at the Ly-

belonging to me." He demands her punishment and the return of his property. The real source of the trouble was the "mother-in-law," as in modern cases.

Having ridded himself of Demetrons, the husband takes a new wife, but, as a measure of caution, only on trial for a period apparently of five months. The new wife, named Saraeus, brings him a dowry of forty drachmae of eliver, a robe, and a pair of gold earrings, and these or the equivalent value are to be returned at the end of the five months if the temporary union is not successful. Soon after marriage trouble appears in the form of the discarded wife, her mother, and friends, who assault the new bride, and once more the "affaire Tryphon" is before the courts. Punishment being meted out, the housepassed the theatre. Seats are now on sale at the box office. Matinees daily at 2:15

Miss Jones, From London.

The warm weather of the past week did not appreciably affect the attendance at the Miss Jones Hypnotic Exhibition, 1211 Pennsylvania Avenue. The hall is com-fortably cooled by electric fans, and as the exhibitions are of short duration, given at intervals of ten minutes, it has becom quite the fad to stroll out in the cool of the evening to attend one of Miss Jones' airy entertainments. Expressions of won-der and delight are to be heard on all sire, and we find the dowry paid through firm of local bankers.

All family life does not appear to have een quite so smooth as that of Tryphon's ousehold, as the following petition of a fife shows: The plaintiff says: "I, Syra, lee daughter of Theon, married Sarapion, luging him by cession a dowry amounting 200 drachmae of silver. As he was destute of means I received him into my

Excursion to River View.

Today will be another of those popular German society days at River View, the outing being given under the auspices of the well-known Germania Mannerchor. Mirth and music are always the order with these outings. The members and their friends start out to have a good time and they generally succeed in having it. To-day will be no exception. The members of the club will be heard in the hymns and glees of the German Fatherland and the River View orchestra will render the instrumental concerts on the steamer and on the grounds. The water chute and all the other attractions of the View will be ready to give pleasure. The steamer Samuel J. Pentz will leave her wharf at

TOBACCO IN IRELAND.

Its Cultivation in Great Britain at One Time II egnl.

(From the London Daily Mail.) Whether tobacco growing is still a felmy in Great Britain seems to be a matter of doubt: but, if it is, the Government connives at the crime and collects an import duty. As a matter of fact, what is known "English tobacco" has been grown in these islands for centuries. Not that it is any good for snuff, or pipes, or cigarettes. the virtue dies out very soon from seeded tobacco.

home-seeded tobacco.

"English" or "green" tobacco grows
from three to five feet, but the valuable kinds are from five feet to six feet high, and they all grow well in the southern parts of both England and Ireland.

The industry has never had a chance, for when tobacco was first grown as a crop in Ireland the tobacco planters in our colonies in Virginia and the Carolinas protest nies in Virginia and the Carolinas inter-ed against Irish competition, and the Brit-ish Government, always trying to endear itself to the Irish, made the growing of home tobacco a penal crime.

The Government was not alone in well doing. Two Popes—Urban VIII and Inno-

cent XI-fulminated against the use of tobacco. The Latin text freely translated reads that "he who smokes to-day shall smoke to-morrow." Sultan Amuret IV decreed that the pipe of the smoker be thrust through his nose; and in Russia the noses of smokers were cut off.

A SWEETHEART OF LONG AGO.

(From the American Queen.) Tick, tick, tick! "Naomi, will you stop that clock? I of all the theatres in Washington will be brought to a close by the New Grand next the range of the probable, not to say the Saturday night after a week's performance. possible, that I should go on constructing of a remarkable continuous polite vaude-ville bill numbering fifteen acts beginning temorrow. It has become within a few orator's name and say, Kik-er-o! orator's name and say, Ric-et-0, I beg your pardon, Naomi; was that your foot? Well, I'm going out. I promised to run up and see Marie Leigham tonight. Perhaps when I come back my tormentor will have grown weary or run down. You don't mind being left for a little while alone, dear?"

"Not at all dear" answered Naomi Ro-

times, petulantly. But then—Naomi is thirty, and it is years that "bring the philosophic mind." Eighteen years ago, when Naomi was twelve, she had received baby Lilliard her newly born stepsister, as the legacy from the hands of a "dying mother mild, who

Said with accents undefiled, "Child, be mother to this child."

And Naomi has fulfilled that trust well. When, ten years later, their father, gay, debonair Ernest Romer, laziest and most charming of men and artists, had followed his wife, leaving her two children utterly unprovided for, Naomi had quietly and naturally—everything Naomi does is quiet and natural-slipped into the position bread winner and house provider. Then had come a lover, too poor to provide for both Naomi and Lilliard; then he had gone away to make a fortune in distant lands, and for eight years Naomi had never heard of him.

Now Lilliard is able to help Naomi in her little school, and the two sisters are happy enough, only-Lilliard is young and beautiful, and sometimes she frets.

There comes a ring at the door bell, and little Affice Sparrow, Naomi's maid of all work, puts in her head to say, " A gen-tleman for you, please, miss."

Naomi rises in surprise as a tall, well built man, with a sunburned complexion and a head of tawny hair, enters, and, striding to her side, takes her hand.
"Naomi, have you forgotten me, Martin
Colquhoun?"

For a moment the room swims round Naomi, but the next she has recovered herself, and is saying quite calmly—how it astonishes her to hear her own voice: "Hew do you do? I did not know you were in Washington."

were in Washington."
"I only came yesterday," he cays, eagerly, "so you see I have not lost much time. I found out your address in the directory—what a grand institution it is! Naomi, you are not changed. Am She smiles a little, "I would know you-but you are changed."

"I shall tell you all by and by," he says, and at that moment Lilliard rushes 'Marie is out; is it not a shame?" Then es, blushing, and Naomi intro-

"So you are Lilliard?" says Martin Col-

"So you are Lilliard?" says Martin Colquhoun, smiling. "I remember you as a tiny girl in short dresses, who always searched in my pockets for chocolates. Are you as fond of them yet?"
"I believe I am," says Lilliard, laughing. Then she sits down, and so does Martin Colquhoun, and they spend a pleasant, even gay, evening together. Martin telling them all of the dangers he has passed in the search for a fortune—which it seems he has found—and partaking of the homely little supper Naomi orders with great zest.

Martin Colombour calls again and again. Martin Colquboun calls again and again,

He comes in the evenings, when Naomi plays, and he and Lilliard sit in the win-dow together. He calls in the afternoon and takes them driving in the park and to Mount Vernon, and he and Lilliard generally sit together and do most of the talking; and occasionally he takes them to a concert or the opera. And every day Naomi feels that the trial of her life is drawing near.

say good-by," he said abruptly. "I am going away on Monday."

"Going away!" Naomi echoes, faintly. "Yes, for four years. My business re-quires me. And I have come tonight toto say something that means a great deal to me-that all my future happiness de pends on, Miss Romer."

Naomi's heart is still. The blow is

"I think I can guess what it is," she says, wondering if her voice sounds strange and unnatural. "Mr. Colquhoun, will do the most I can. I desire your appiness as much as-as Lilliard's.

He seized her hands. "Then—you are willing? You have—have thought of it?" he asked a little unstead-

"I have no right to be anything else, she answers smilingly. "If Lilliard is will-ing, that is all that you require." He looked at her in bewilderment.

"Lilliard? I do not understand you, Na that I have been silent all these years; my letter—the last one—was returned marked 'Left—no address.' But I have never ceased thinking of you, and now I want you as my wife. Naomi, Naomi! After waiting all these years, am I to be disappointed at last?"

"Oh, stop!" Naomi cries, a little wildly. thought it was Lilliard you cared for, not me.

"Lilliard!" He grows bolder then, and, drawing her within his arms, lays the sweet face against his breast. Why, Lilliard and I are very good friends, but she knows the truth, Naomi. My darling. is that why you have been so cold to me I have sometimes thought the past was dead to you-dead and buried-you were so cold. But it is not so, Naomi? You still love me, my sweetheart of long ago?"
And Naomi's answer, though too low for any ears but his to hear, is evidently heard ov Martin Colquboun, for he bends his ad and then and there triumphantly

BEFORE THE AGE OF HOMER.

Craces of Sound Civilization Before the Great Poet's Birth. (From the London Times.)

The excavations carried out by Arthur Evans and D. G. Hogarth, in Crete, continue to yield results of the highest interest. On that portion of the site of ancient Knossos which Mr. Evans has selected for investigation (Khephala) a Mycenaean pal-ace has been discovered containing relies of extraordinary importance, by means of which the hitherto uncertain question of Mycenaean writing has been finally settled. In the chambers of the buildings have been found a whole series of clay tab-lets, analogous to the Babylonian, but with indigenous Cretan script. These tablets are apparently palace archives. On the south front of the building the entrance hall of the megaron has come to light, and in the adjoining corridor is a large piece of fres-co representing a full size figure of a girl in Mycennean costume holding a long v n brilliancy of coloring and grace of form the figure surpasses anything hitherto discovered belonging to this period. The re-mains belong to the great Mycenaean age, about 1400 B. C.

It is believed that important and inter-esting traces have been found of a viv'' zation anterior to the age of Homer.

AMUSEMENTS. AMUSEMENTS.

Last Week of Fifteen Ten Hour Bill Theatre as Cool as a Splendid Acts the Most This Week. Full of Successful Summer 2 p. m. Roof Garden. Novel Features Theatre.

Polite Vaudeville

JOHN RANSONE, as "Croker, of New York." FILSON & ERROLL, in "Men Versus Women." HARRY and KATE JACKSON, presenting "A Bachelor's Home." JACK NORWORTH, the favorite "black-face" Comedian. LOUISE DRESSER and Her Pickaninnies.

PERFORMANCES. CONTINUOUS

Pete Baker Wills and Collins	Rice Brothers Nellie Burt	The Costliest and Largest B
Comic Songs E. F. Reynard	Ray and Ewart	ever presented to a
The	Holloway Trio.	Washington
	John A. West The	E. F. Reynard Ray and Ewart John A. West The

AFTEKNUUNS, 25C.

FORETHOUGHT.

I found Josephine standing in the middie of the floor in the library, where the wedding presents were laid out. "Counting your spoils?" I said, cheer-

She cast a lack-lustre eye over the medley of crystal, silver, and porcelain, fat tamps, thin tables, and the like, and said, as she shook hands with me, absently: "No, half of them haven't come yet. There are still two weeks, you know. You haven't sent me anything, have you?" "Not yet, but I'm going to. Don't look at me in that chilly way. I came to ask your advice about it. I had thought of sending that picture I did of you once—in

the garden-remember it?"

the garden-remember it?
"No, was it a washy thing in a slimpsy white frock, with purple and green shadows? I thought you sold that ages ago."
"Tried-couldn't," I said, gloomily,
"Well, don't give it to me, then. If nobody else wants it I'm sure I don't. But look what I've done." look what I've done

She pointed to a sort of cabinet thing made of brass work and mirrors. One of the little swinging mirrors was cracked across and across.
"Oh, that's very sad; such a tasteful

thing. Who gave it to you?" "One of Jack's horrible old aunts. I don't care anything about that. I can get it set in again, you know. But it's so awfully unlucky to break a mirror."

about her. She walked away from me and noeing read his paim and told him that he

dropped into a chair.
"But curses are out of date," I added, reassuringly. "Don't be afraid of me. What's on your mind? I used to hore you with my woes, Turn about's fair play."
"I don't care about boring you-no ob-

was steeped in superstition, like little heart. But the shadow and the

for him to lose his money between this Josephine's heavy lids dropped and flut-

"You are certainly dispusting" she said. "Send me away, then. I'm used to it. That is, if you won't tell me your troub-

omi. What has Lilliard to do with it? les."

Don't you understand dear that I love you as much—nay, more, a thousand-fold more—than ever? Naomi, it was not my fault lying on the black leather arms of the

"Phil, do you believe in palmistry?" she I sat down near her and took one of her

"Certainly, I believe in palmistry and phrenology both. Also in astrology and any other devise you might mention for cheating the lords of life and death. Want your fortune told? You have a very in-teresting hand, Josephine." "Really? What do you see in my hand?"

"A checkered career. About your past, however, I say nothing. I will not even refer to your royally heartless treatment of an individual who shall be nameless but to pass on, Josephine, to the future You will be twice married. Your second husband will be a fair young man, a painter, poor, but, thank heaven—" She jumped up suddenly and the arm-chair as she pushed it back hit a tall, thin table and knocked off a Royal Worcester cream-jug, which, of course, broke into several pieces on the polished floor. Jose-phine fled into the back drawing-room and began to make tea, apparently in a passion She put two slices of lemon and no sugar She put two slices of lemon and no sugar in mine, whereas I always take three lumps and no lemon. And as I remarked when pointing out to her the mistake, she looked exactly like a pastel I had done of her, "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." I was fond of illustrating poetry in those days, and Josephine somehow fitted into almost everything.

everything. "One would think you had done nothing but paint me," she said as she rectified the matter of the lemon and sugar. "Well, I didn't do much else, did I—that first year I came back from Paris? You were an angelic thirty-second cousin, And, you remember. I hadn't money enough to models.

"I know-poor Phil, what a blue-deviled little chap you were. And yet, I wanted—" She smiled at this. "And yet I wanted-the morbid maiden. with white fire laden, whom mortals call the moon'-remember that one? Absurd man without money to want the nor a man without money to want the moon! I know somebody offered me \$50 for that little picture—the maiden with white fire laden—you—and I wouldn't sell it. I needed the money, too."

"I remember scolding you about it. Poor Phil, you never could be practical and I—

cup of tea, which was bad, too, by the way, and made some excuse about a for-

way, and made some excase about a forgotten appointment.

"Oh, never mind your appointment. I was going to tell you something—something rather queer. That is, I wouldn't tell you if you believed in such things—"

"I don't; go on. What is it?"

"Well, I don't either—not really, you know."

know. "Exactly like the man who didn't believe "Exactly like the man who didn't believe in ghosts, but was afraid of them. Well?"

"Well-promise to laugh, now. It was something that happened on the steamer when mother and I were coming home."

Josephine turned her head away from me and stared at the piano while she told the

"There was a fortune teller on boarda Welshwoman, a second cabin passenger. One of the ship's officers had her brought up one evening into the cab'n and ste read our hands. It certainly was extrao:dinary. She told me how long I had been abroad and that I was coming home to be married. And then she described you, Phil, exactly. She seemed to have got it into her head that I was going to marry

ort of an accident."
"Cheerful—but she evidently meant that should die within a year, as she de-

No, she didn't," cried Jesephine, an-

would die suddenly within a year."

At this Josephine turned her head sharply and looked at me.

"Curious coincidence," 1 admitted. "And then the mirror—you know that's a sign of—of death, to break a mirror." ject. You couldn't console me as easily She pulled a lace handkerchief out of her as I did you. But I wish I hadn't broken sleeve and began twisting it about her She pulled a lace handkerchief out of her

"Still, I wouldn't worry," I said. "But, many women of no imagination and very of course, if you do, there's the p'an I suggestedfrown went well with her irish eyes and that raven's-wing chevelure. She looked the picture of the uneasy sorceress.
"You don't think anything will happen to Ashenden, do you, my dear? He's too disgustingly healthy. And there isn't time for him to lose his moreor between this control of the control of the

some people in my place would be super-stitious, but I'm not—not a bit—no more than you are.'

"No more than I am," I echoed, and then I became conscious that Josephine was laughing noiselessly—at me. There was endless malice in her long grey eyes. I got up to go. And then she came up to me smiling still but sweet infinitely troublante, as she was in the old days when I fell in love with her forever. That was six years since and she had never let me go. Even now, with her wedding day What are you laughing at?" asked Jo-

'I was thinking," I said frankly, "how eautifully prehensile women are. they hate to lose anything-any rubbishy old thing that may come handy some-Josephine turned her head, with that

long proud peacock-like curve of threat. "There's Jack," she said, softly. The maid was opening the outer door to him. I went out through the library, where the wedding presents were laid out -and where the broken mirror was. Somehow I felt less than ever like seeing him just them-New York Commercial Adver-

WASHING PAPER MONEY. Dirty Greenbacks Given Baths an

Made to Appear New. (From the Philadelphia Record.)

liser.

It is not generally known that a great deal of the paper money that is con-stanly circulating about gets frequent washings in the same way as the housewife or maid goes at the dirty clothes en a Monday morning. In some banks there is a regular wash day every month, usually at the beginning, when a clerk may be seen bent over a tub and rubbing real money up and down a washboard. The money up and down a washboard. The that have been saved up dirty greenbacks that have been saved up for a month are soaped and rubbed just like handkerchiefs and socks and are run through a wringer before being put out to dry. The paper currency may be handled somewhat roughly, as it does not tear for the Mardl Gras festivals, when Southern souther is in it a great deal of sulk and linen. After the notes have been best. Atlanta represents the New South less. Atlanta represents the New Masan passed through the wringer they are hung on a line stretched in the bank clerk's department. Said one clerk the other day: 'I wash about 100 notes every month, and when I'm done you can hardly tell them from new money. The washing strength-ens as well as cleans the notes." tee on Appropriations.

"It remember scolding you about it. Poor Phil, you never could be practical and I—liked you for it. But yet, if you had been, or if—" been, or a passionate devotion, for with the inva-sion of progressiveness and mercenary greed they are gradually set aside."

KERNAN'S LYCEUM THEATRE

WEEK COMMENCING TOMORROW MATINEE.

MATINEES DAILY,

Better Than the Best! Return, But With Something New!

MINER AND VAN'S

)HEMIAN BURLESQUERS.

BILLY B. VAN AND VEVIE NOBRIGA, In their new act entitled "MY BUSY DAY."

Opening Burlesque-"Beauty's Apple." GREAT VAUDEVILLE OLIO.

VAN & NOBRIGA, assisted by Bobby Norte, Esmeralda Sisters, Weston & Beasley, Kessler & Carrick, West & Williams, Fred Wyckoff, Emma Watson,

AND THE LATEST SENSATION,

ELA FIESTA

FURIOUSLY FUNNY AND FROLICSOME. Billy B. Van as Patsy. Vevie Nobriga as Carrots. Something New. See It. Nothing But Laughs.

EUGENE WELLINGTON Manager.

Grand Gala Week in Honor of MYSTIC SHRINERS. Commencing Monday Matinee, May 21. Matinees Daily at 2:15.

EVENINGS, 25 and 500 THE TUXEDO BURLESQUE CO.

The Hottest Show in Town. 20--Pretty Girls--20 The Funniest Burlesque Seen.

"JEFFRIES-CORBETT FIGHT PICTURES." "Note"-The performance will be held on Tuesday Evening

until after the parade passes the Theatre, when the full perform-

And for the first time on any stage a reproduction of

ance will be given. Seats on Sale at Box Office. Telephone 2164. A SOUTHERNER ON THE SOUTH Chivalry and Romance He Think

Died With Slavery. (From the New York Commercial Advertiser.) "Yes, I imagine you would call mine Bohemian sort of life. But I have lived it a long time. I like it better here than in "And, then she said." Josephine went on, "that I should be a widow in a year- better than anywhere in the South. My that my husband would be killed in some one ambition now is to see. There is flesh and blood here, and life. I left the South because the South I had loved in my boyhood had disappeared. Most of the Southerners who gave the tone and the color to Dixie have drifted away, while the new

it set in again, you know. But it's so
awfully unlucky to break a mirror."

"Is it? Yes—of course—"

The mirror cracked from side to side;
The curse is come upon me, cried
The Lady of Sladett!

Josephine gave me a look out of her narrow eyes. She was actually pale. I
had once painted her as the Lady of Sha
"No, she didn't," cried Jrsephine, and supplied and supplied and she coor to grilly. "She said my husband."

"Well," I said slowly. "In that case I suggest that you marry me. Then you needn't worry about Ashenden, and I'll promise to die within the year, as per prophecy, and then you—"

Josephine laughed at this, twisting her negagement ring round her finger.

"But that isn't all," she went on. "Soon Southerners to a few brother workers lott-her black hair floating to her krees after I got home Jack told me that some The speaker was representative of a type and the web of her own weaving twisted gypsy up in Canada, where he'd been cathat is conspicuous in New York today. that is conspicuous in New York today. Personally, the man's career is full of the

flavor of romance and adventure; philosophically, he is only a type.

This man's father belonged to the old school of the South, which was too sensitive to be forced into the surrender of beloved traditions, and not sensitive enough to be molded by persuasion. Mor-bid and restless at the close of the civil war, he summarily departed for Caisfornia, invested the remnant of his capital in a wheat farm, lost it, and after thirteen years returned to Alabama to die of poverty and a broken spirit in sight of the spot where he had once lived in splendor. The pathetic moroseness of the father had been refracted in the son, and in the dif-ference a keen observer could compare the old South with the new. A listener, who had become interested, asked this ques-

"What is the lack of tone and colo

which you have mentioned due to, and is the romanticism and chivalry of the South disappearing altogether?"

The Southerner smiled. "I sometimes wooder," he answered, "what I would be now if you Northerners had allowed history to make itself, instead of making his-I would be bending all my energies in a worthy endeavor to pass away the time. As it is, I am a worker. The whole South is working. The idea of work and the idea of romanticism are more or

less divorced. "When slaves were taken from us," he continued, "you took away what made us distinctive. You took away our chivalry and our romance. Slaves gave us power, It was our power and the lives we led that surrounded us with a halo of mys Our hospitality is still left. ticism. Our hospitality is still total have, also, an appetite for combread, and we sometimes forget to pronounce our 'r's.' We cannot always get combread, the combread of th and our little sin of omission, by diat of prayer and practice, is being overcome. The idea that Southerners were once a lot of swashbuckling brigands who fought of swashbuckling brigands who fought duels at every turn was a sort of Ar-thurian legend that did us no good, but I am glad we are coming to understand each other. We were almost annihilated, and are retaliating by fast become amalga-

"If you would get a glimpse of a gentle man of the old Southern school, a gentle, courteous, Roger de Coverley type which is passing away, or if you care for a whift have been tally to the control of the courter of sunny, gental, warm hospitality them only in the oldest towns. Only in a few antiquated section are Uncle Remus and his 'ole Massa' what they used to be. Go to Mobile and New Orleans and study the old Spanish architecture, the ante-bellum houses with the massive pillats and wide road. Here are the finest relics. Famous F. F. V.'s will make you welcome. New Orleans is more cosmopolitan and distier. The best of Southern society goes there best. Atlanta represents the New South more than any other city below Mason and Dixon's line. Farther up in Tennessee a centenarian darky stands at the portal of Andrew Jackson's old homestead, the Hermitage, and talks by the hour of his master's duels and love affairs and personal achievements. Sam Houston's and Davy Crockett's ghosts stalk the hills of the Volunteer State and just across the same door. Catalogue free. Till Davy Crockett's ghosts stalk the hills of the Volunteer State and just across the more than any other city below Maso and Dixon's line. Farther up in Tennesse

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